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THE
HYPOCRITES:
A
SATYR.

THE
HYPOTHESIS
A
STORY

THE
HYPOCRITES:
A
SATYR.

Utor permisso.----

-----Adeo sanctum est Vetus omne poema.

Horat.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1703.

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HYPOCRITES

A

SATYR

Uxor permittit.
Ades sanguis est Vetus omne puerum.
Hymn.

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1703.

S A T Y R.

They who have best succeeded in their Rhimes
 Have drest the Verse according to the times;
 Bin wary how and where they laid the lash on,
 And not absurdly cry'd down things in fashion.

When big with Verse, and fill'd with Godlike
 Rage,
 The Man of Spleen wou'd scourge a sawcy Age:
 Lord! With what Zeal he writes, what seeming
 Honesty?
 As none could dare to be sincere but he.

How long, cries he, shall pining Vertue droop,
 And none vouchsafe a Hand to help her up?
 Vertue! by which Men Good and Just we name,
 Which gives the Conquerer Crowns, and everlast-
 ing Fame:
 Vertue! which rids the Martyr from his Fear,
 Which solves his Pain, and gives him Heaven here.

Vertue ! by which the Gods themselves be what
they are,

With us the very *Shibboleth* of Rags and Care :
And Vice, so much of old decry'd, now grown
The only Mark of Grandeur and Renown.

Damn'd Age ! where Cunning is the Wisdom of
the Times,

And Men are Fools meerly for want of Crimes ;
Where happy Knaves insult the miserable Good,
And Pimps in Scarlet strut about the Crowd ;
Where busie Villains cant up Reformation,
Rigby allow'd to prate for Propagation,
And Atheism the one great Canon of the Nation ;
The Just bow down before the haughty Great,
And all things seem as the Reverse of Fate.

Warm'd with imaginary Fire, thus he goes on,
As if he were a Poet of Religion.
'Tis thus he takes the Men of Coif and Gown,
The easie Multitude, and sober Town ;
With these a godly Satyr must go down.
Behind the Scenes his gawdy Int'rest lies
Safe, in the hypocritical Disguise ;
His Verse so cloath'd with so much seeming Heat,
None but those few, the Wise, perceive the Cheat :
The golden Mark lies fair within their sight,
And his Hypocrisie suspected Counterfeit.

Par-

But still he keeps Decorum in Lampoon;
 Not such as lately have debauch'd the Town;
 Who jest absurdly where they ought to mourn,
 And damn a Man before it is his turn :
 Who curse with Air, but still in the wrong place,
 And bring old honest Satyr in disgrace.
 (Satyr of old by Monarchs fear'd, and read,
 The Tool of angry Fops, the drudge for daily
 Bread.)

And whether all commend a Glut of Sence,
 In this agree, to hiss at Impudence:
 Your wary Man of Verse goes on by rule,
 Knows how to stroak the Great, and kick the fal-
 ling Fool.

He damns ; but then he knows which Mark to hit ;
 And Men, for their own sakes, dare not but damn
 his Wit.

He praises, but 'tis always Men of Place :
 Not an ill Word till they're in some disgrace.
 With Circumspection he pursues the Curse,
 And won't, by gaining credit, miss the Purse :
 He's seen, alas ! Inimitable Poets fail,
 Men of immortal Praise, who dy'd in Jail :
 That wou'd be nasty --- and the World wou'd prate,
 As if his Sence deserv'd no better Fate :
 A witty Fellow, faith---what, wou'd he lie in state?

But

Pardon him there, his Vertue's not so nice,
 And hopes to get a Name at cheaper Price :
 Gets him to Court, and learns Intelligence,
 Who are the Low, and who the Men of pence ;
 Who go down next, and who stand fair to rise,
 Which are call'd honest Men, and which the wise :
 Enquires the new Right Honourable Sin ;
 He is a Wit, and he's a Gentleman,
 Knows better things than to advance Grimace,
 And make the Satyr grin before his Grace :
 He can find Fools enough of meaner sort,
 Men worn to Ridicule, brought down to sport.
 Good Satyr must be Panegyrick to the Court,
 Unless he'd write, and fly his Country for't.

He's not so bold to dare beyond his Station,
 Nor does as *Play-wright*, who in Dedication
 Cajoles an Honour but to get his Leave
 To make him in the Play his Fool and Knave ;
 (But study'd, smooch Pronunciation,
 Tall People dress'd in Courtly Fashion,
 A Fool and Fidler from a Foreign Nation,
 New Scenes, new Songs, and some plump Maiden-
 head,
 To multiply my Lord's domestick Seed ;

A Male or two from *France* of charming Heel,
 Who high or low with so much Life can deal,
 Like whom no Insulane, for cut and scrape can
 please,
 Or snuff the Candles with such Air and Ease :
 All things but wit, in such perfection,
 May very well for want of it atone :
 Thus Plays may any thing ; ---- The Shew and
 Foppitry
 Do Sence, Skill, Manners, ev'ry thing imply.)

But, wou'd my Sat'rists this with Danger write,
 In them 'tis Humour, but in him 'tis Spite :
 P---s won't be laugh'd at so, and told their Crime,
 Brought into Jest, and damn'd to plumpa Rhime ;
 Damn'd in dull reading Satyr-----
 To have their Paint rubb'd off, and naked ly
 Expos'd, the Grin of ev'ry Passer by ;
 Whom a mean needy Wretch shall dare blas-
 pheme
 For nothing else but that he wants a Theme :
 Shall all their far-fought Martial Glories hide,
 And shew an Honour on the paltry side :
 Shall their long boasted Pedigree despise,
 Their crowded Coats, and antique Fopperies, }
 While the gay Motto its lewd Lord belies ; }

And whining, most unseasonably cry,
 'Tis Vertue; there's the true Nobility.
 VVhen came your Fathers in, it makes not much,
 Or with the *Norman William*, or the *Dutch*:
 There lies your Quality, my Lord; 'tis thence
 your Fame ;
 VVithout it all your Extract is a Sham,
 A Trick, a Shadow, with a gawdy Name :
 Thus to the Populace who should defend 'em,
 They've nothing but their Vice to recommend
 'em :
 For they by this would faucily imply,
 Vertue has took her leave of Quality.

'Tis insolent all this : Nor does he dare
 Engage in such unjust unequal VVar.

Thus fought of old the Giants; with such odds,
 The Sons of Earth attack the lofty Gods.
 Poets on one another may be free,
 As bitter as their VVits will justify:
 They fight on even terms : but to a D—ke
 The Liberty is righteously forfook ;
 Or 'twou'd invert the Nature of his Verse,
 And make himself the Object of his Curse,

Rash-

Rashly against the Rock to throw his Dart,
 Which will revert it to the Hurler's Heart ;
 And while he dreams that he makes others rave,
 His Verse can kill, and his kind Silence save ;
 That not the noblest can his Vengeance shun,
 But under the well-pointed Curse must groan ; }
 At last shall find himself the Man undone.

Let Fools of Conscience give untimely Curse,
 And indiscreetly rate Superiours ;
 Let 'em, and starve with their Religion, write
 In desp'rate Zeal, as godly Rebels fight ;
 Draw forth their Pens for Truth, as those their
 Swords,
 And lash the wicked World with angry Words :
 Both fight for Truth ;--- but both be Mutineers,
 They just grow formidable-- and lose their Ears ;
 And right--- For Truth's but oft the Colour to
 the matter,
 Religion is confounded with Ill-nature.
 By these the Thriving gains experience ;
 He shews the Habit in its grateful Sence, }
 So speaks the Truth, and yet gives no offence.
 For what in Nobles those call Lust and Pride,
 Is Love and Glory on the brighter side :

What

What those call Murther, Luxury and Idleness,
 Is Courage, Gayety, and Godlike Ease.
 Thus what they'd load with Infamy, is made
 The very Fame and Glory of the Deed.
 Besides, 'twere on the Public to impose,
 To be as rude and singular as those
 Who make their Court in Rags, when they have
 better Cloaths.

Not but he thinks they may Lampoon afford;
 But he has other Bus'ness for my Lord:
 There's the *Exchequer*, and the Troops of Guard,
 The Custom-house, and God knows what Re-
 ward;
 Deserve it but ----- be witty and severe,
 Torment the paultry World; but have a care:
 Honour is jealous----. Here he changes stile;
 Satyr retires, and all the Muses smile.
 Here pleasing Numbers move in artful Songs:
 'Tis here the Music of his Verse belongs.
 No rugged Rhimes perplex his easie Sence;
 But all is smooth and flowing Eloquence,
 Gay Thoughts, engaging Air, and happy Verse,
 That may become his Honour to rehearse.
 The great good Man, the Gods and Muses Friend,
 Whom 'tis a Crime almost to dare to recom-
 mend;

His

His awful Person, his capacious Mind,
 So all miraculous as Heav'n design'd
 At once the Ornament and Wonder of Mankind;
 He who Fate first contriv'd in Nature's Health,
 Whom his Creator fashion'd like himself;
 Not he in all his Pomp, before his Fall,
 Came nearer the Divine Original.
 Happy the Man, my Lord, whose lasting Rhimes
 Shall cast your Light on future dusky Times:
 So Clouds reflect the Image of the Sun;
 Men think 'em many what's but really one:
 You give the wish'd Eternity: 'tis you alone;
 We sing your Name, and celebrate our own:
 Trophies and Wreaths of Laurel he can frame,
 And everlasting Monuments of Fame:
 With Air he carries on his Courtly Lays,
 And hugs the wealthy Subject of his Praise.

This for the Great, whose saving Influence,
 Does Name, and Wealth, and happy Life dis-
 pense:

And who wou'd forfeit then his Hopes to be
 Commission'd in the Coaches or the Cavalry;
 To sooth a barren Vertue----dream of Ease,
 And force himself to the *Antipodes*.

In vain the needy Poet hopes to get,
Who lets his sawcy Conscience fool his Wit.

But when the mighty Man is torn from high
By wanton Chance, or some Fatality;
While from the angry Court he makes retreat,
Or to the Wars, or to some Countrey Seat ;
Insensibly he grows, of old Edition,
And soon comes ripe for Scandal and Derision :
The Poet then his liberty will claim,
Ambition, Lust, and Vanity to damn ;
Nor thinks it Insolence to tell the Name.
'Tis honest Satyr then ; 'tis Bravery ;
Mere Indignation makes him versifie ;
To see the vast gigantic Villain thrive,
Ye Gods ! ---and can your Justice let him live ?
The great luxurious Prodigals who dare
Spend their own Wealth and Blood in Foreign
War ;
Who scorn the temp'rate Life of lazy Peace ;
They'll live by VVar, and be allow'd Excess :
VWhere, drunk with Blood, they may exert their
Hate,
Revel in wounds, and laugh at sleepy Fate:

The

The Gods did see 'em when they storm'd the Town,
Lavish of Deaths, and greedy of Renown,
How VVives and Virgin-Daughters all went
down.

Shall these escape, because they're Men of Birth?
Or, shall not Thunder tear 'em from your Earth?

Thus he can timely in big Fustian soar,
And damn the very Men he prais'd before:
For rateing those who thus for Honour roam,
He'd praise their Wisdom who will keep at home.

Not long, when Providence refus'd our own,
And fix'd a stranger Prince upon the Throne,
How soon were all things new, the Ermine, Mi-
ver and Lawn.

Who to untimely Vertue had regard,
Far'd mean enough on Vertue's own Reward.
The Press and Pulpit their Affection shew,
And vilifie the Old, and magnifie the New:
'Tis now preposterous Obedience;
'Twas never meant in that unlucky Sence,
To keep Men passive in their own defence:
Poets recant and thrive, except the Wight,
Who lost the Bays before he'd time to write.

'Twas

'Twas hard, you'll say, and yet 'twas fortunate ;
 Had they been kind, he'd not been obstinate :
 But thus he 'scap'd the common Court Applause,
 Was freed from justify'ng the righteous Cause,
 Which he had learnt rebell'd against the Laws. }
 Then happy who his Pen could first unsheath,
 To lash the darling Isle that gave him Breath :
 'Twas paltry English, barb'rous Insulane, }
 Their Praise was wisely carry'd to the Main : }
 But had it been a Native's time to reign,
 They'd ne'er have dar'd to vent their wicked
 Spleen,
 And damn the Race of *True-born Englishmen*.

Had he not Cause, the *BAR D*, who sometime
 since
 Rose up in praise of frugal Ignorance ;
 Attack'd almighty Wit, traduc'd the Men,
 Whose Names alone were Music to his Pen ?
 Discreet in only this ; for who'll not own
 Him far from be'ng the thing he would lampoon ?

Thus Int'rest 'tis inspires the Poet's Mind :
 For this he rages, and for this he's kind.

He

He sees the Bays and Laurel oft deceives,
 Would ask the Fruit; let others starve upon the
 Leaves.

But hold, some Cully of the Muses cries,
 Robb'd of his wealth, and ruin'd of his Ease;
 Is it for this the Muses do inspire?
 Or do we of it beg the sacred Fire?
 Where is the good old Thirst of Fame, the E-
 nergy,

The honest, brave Impartiality
 The ancient Rage, which like a Torrent ran,
 And to some God transform'd the happy Man?

Waller and *Cowley*, whose each nervous Line,
 Does with immortal wealth and vigour shine?
 Do they still live for this? Are they for this Di-

vine?
 Or did the Muses with their Favourites go?
 Or have they not return'd in *Wycherley* and *Robt*?

Does Int'rest only set the Edge on *Tate*?
 The pliant parsimonious *L--*
 And is it this prompts *D--* on to write?

Does he for this attempt the lofty Flight
 Of *Pindar*'s vast inimitable Height?

Did he for Int'rest write, or Indignation,
 Who by a modern Method of Translation,
 Made bold with half the Nobles of the Nation?
 Or was it not the kind *Sicilian* Muse
 That did the Life and Energy infuse?
 The necessary first without dispute,
 While the kind Muse was made the Substitute.
 Absurd ! VVhat could the Poet hope to gain,
 When on the very Court he drew his Pen?
 The Gods, the *Mecænates* of the Age,
 VVere the wish'd Objects of his Sacred Rage:
 Nor was his Verse allow'd; but always kept
 In Eleemosynary Manuscript.

As for the Court, he may've outliv'd his Place,
 And so grows desperate in his Disgrace;
 Maliciously he damns the good Behaviour
 Of those great envy'd Men who keep in favour.
 His Business is to give fresh Themes of Prate,
 To raise new fears of sickness in the State,
 Of Plots, and *James's* Friends, and God knows
 what.

This amply for his labour'd Verse shall pay;
 'Tis Int'rest still, tho't lies another way.

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For *Waller*, and the rest who seem'd inspir'd,
 In all their Rage and VVealth of VVords at-
 tir'd;
 Ev'n these amazing Sons of Verse and Praise,
 Knew well to whom they shou'd inscribe their
 Lays;
 Manag'd their VVit discreetly with their Reason,
 And ne'er were known to flatter out of season:
 Had they not timely thus o'er-rul'd their Sence,
 And clear'd themselves of Truth and Insolence,
 They'd been immortal at too much expence.

But hold—crys out my Fop, suppose we own,
 There's something meant in Verse beside Renown.
 But isn't a Subject fit for your Lampoon?
 Are there not Refugees and Jesuites,
 Reformers, Mine-Advent'ers, Jacobites,
 The trading Companies, the South Sea bait?
 Or is *Apollo* then the grander Cheat?
 How will th' Ungodly Vulgar laugh to see
 Your fine Pretences to Divinity,
 That all your Indignation, Zeal and Extasies
 Are but as Barter for substantial Ease?
 Well may the pious Father warn his Son
 On his obedience to abandon *Helicon*,
 Where to be honest, is to be undone.

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This

This 'tis that makes Attorney *B---r* rage,
 To see his Son a pimping for the Stage;
 Bewitch'd to Verse, to leave paternal Trade,
 The honest Parchment Gain, to lye for Bread;
 Bids him beware before it be too late,
Clio will jilt him; he wou'd make him great:
 She'll force him to expose Absurdities;
 He'd have him hold his Tongue, and pass for
 wife.

Besides, while thus Apostate, you with impious
 Curse

Tack worldly Int'rest to immortal Verse;
 What glad Advantage will the City have?
 How will it sooth the bulky trading Knave?
 The rich insulting Idiot now shall say,
 Are you religious then but for your Pay?
 Is this your gen'rous Hate of Trade and Sin?
 Are you for this the only Gentlemen?

Ay; but he knows himself a Villain.—True:
 But he'll not tell it all the Town, like you:
 He goes for honest whilst the Fraud's conceal'd;
 'Tis never Villainy till 'tis reveal'd.

With

With him the World's a Cheat ; and he's the
 least,
 Whose fly Hypocrisie can cloak it best.

But, with your leave, Sir, are there no De-
 grees,
 No Aggravations, no advance in Vice ?
 No Medium betwixt the vilest of the Nation,
 And those who keep the Club for Reformation ?
 Does *D---b* on the line with *Rigby* stand ?
 Or *R--ke* like *R---gh*, delude the Land ?
 Is there no diff'rence but the World's Esteem,
 Betwixt the Thief and him who judges him ?
 Betwixt the Rev'rend passive Men of Gown,
 And those who turn'd a Monarch from his Crown ?
 Pacifick P---s, and desp'rate Men of War ;
 Young charming *S---f---n* and a Murtherer ?
 Betwixt a lovely blooming Maidenhead,
 And worn out *Q---s* that tickles you for Bread ?

Thus, Sir, you see, 'tis not Dissimulation
 But Virtue, often makes the Alteration.
 We to the Fop of Trade by this do give
 No hold, but what he shall be glad to leave :

The solemn Face, and pious Cant in vogue,
 Adds to the Pimp, and magnifies the Rogue;
 Who dares by shew of Godliness beguile,
 Rich with the Widow and the Orphans spoil,
 Who mask'd with Zeal, in public can appear,
 There run the necessary round of Song and
 Pray'r;
 Who seems inspir'd with Hope and holy Fear,
 Frowns at Vaniloquence, and swoons to hear you
 swear;
 Who easily *Believes in God*, and yet
 Begs he wou'd be the Vizard to a Cheat;
 The sacred Instrument, the golden Stain
 To daub the Sin, and sanctifie the Gain;
 Who makes a Property of Heav'n a mere Ma-
 chine
 To build up his Estate, then pull it down again!
 Religion is to amplify the Jest,
 As Conjurers are said to cast a Mist:
 Phantasms, and things unnat'ral you believe;
 And they thrive best, who best can you deceive:
 Here 'tis the proper Colour to delude;
 For who wou'd trust him if he were not good?
 Thus the low Mushrome Wretch soon waxes great,
 Who makes his Piety Pimp to his Estate.

If

If our new Satyr has appear'd too free
 In arguing Poets of Hypocrisie:
 If it has made 'em reverence the Court,
 To drape his Worship for his Grace's Sport;
 At least they're Saints to those who damn 'em
 for't :

Nay, ev'n this liberty we take, may shew
 There's one in spite of Int'rest dare be true.

The Poet, worn with Hope, and forc'd by
 Need,
 Invokes the Gods and Muses to his Aid,
Phœbus, Minerva, Nymphs and Rustic Fawns,
 Imaginary Deities of Floods and Lawns;
 Your Merchant in his rich ungodly Guest,
 Brings Articles of Faith into the Jest:
 One fancies Pow'rs of whom his Song is giv'n;
 This plays with none but with the God of
 Heav'n.

Nor does the Poet with the Cit condemn
 The very Faculty that raises him:
 Just to his Verse he all its Life displays;
 For where he gets his Bread, he gives his Praise:

And

And that kind saving Man whence he derives his
 Gain,
 Shall share the equal Glories of his Pen.
 While the big Knave of Business shall despise,
 And damn the Thing that made him what he is:
 And those gay Men whose Bounty fill'd his
 Purse,
 Shall be the daily Subject of his Curse:
 Who lives by Vice, yet against Vice makes Laws,
 Corrects the Sin, and is himself the Cause ;
 Inveigles you to Tissues, Silks, Perfume,
 And when he's done, censures the Use of 'em ;
 Procures ye all that can provoke the Sence ;
 Then rails at ye for your Extravagance ;
 Who tempts the Youth to Vanity and Shew,
 Necessitates the Toy that's *French* and new,
 Whose Wit is Trick, his Honour Artifice ;
 His Heav'n is Gain, and Hell a falling Price.

The Merchant is the *Primum Mobile*,
 The Sustainator of Debauchery :
 From him we have the constant fresh Supplies
 To stop the sad Decays of wearing Vice ;
 Kind, indefatigable Pimp to Wickedness.

Tis

'Tis he, who for the grand design of Gain,
 Transports the Fuel to us cross the Main;
 'Tis he who feeds the Fire with rich *Champaign*;
 With wanton *Cyprus*, raging *Burgundy*,
 Luxurious *Florence*, am'rous *Italy*,
 Hot *Barrabar*, *Bourdeaux*, the racy *Rhine*;
 And with each Countrey's Wine, imports each
 Countrey's Sin.

'Tis he who searches both the *Indies* o'er
 For the Increase of Vice and his damn'd Store;
 Runs cross the World to *China*, *Tartary*,
 And plunders ev'ry Island, ev'ry Sea;
 Ranfacks whole Nature to indulge our Luxury:
 Dissembles, robs, forswears to that degree,
 The honest Heathen loaths his Company;
 And wonders from what World the Salvage
 came,

Who such unheard of Villainy can frame.
 To him we owe our strong Provocatives,
 Our *Eringo*, *Cavear*, and Essences,
 Our *Indian* Impertinences, rich *Japans*,
 Vile *China* Postures, *Dildoes*, bawdy Fans,
 Our *Persian* Carpets, rich Embroideries,
 And all that can advance our Lust and Ease.

Grand Pimp—who does with Sweat and Hazard
buy

For the whole Town sufficient Letchery :

And yet when Years and good substantial Gain
Has brought the grave Ass to a G—n and C—n,

Bloated with Honour, then he takes his Seat,

And fain wou'd look as honest as he's great ;

There runs amuck at ev'ry Town Pollution,

Exacts of ev'ry Sin a Contribution ;

Lays Rates on Vice, that if a Man so wou'd,

He may be wicked for the Publick Good.

But yet, had one of these when young, the lei-
sure

To damn the Vice while they could feel the plea-
sure,

VVhile they cou'd sin with Gust and Appetite;

They scorn'd to rail when they cou'd take delight :

But now, when weary Limbs demand a Coach,

And Gout, and former Pox ; make strong ap-
proach ;

VVhen thoughts of ill-got wealth oppress his
Mind,

And Age forbids the Joys he us'd to find ;

VVhen Jealousies and Jargons in his House

Of VVife and Daughter, makes the Sot morose,

Full-

Full-fraight of Honour and Vexation,
He taxes then the Vices of the Nation ;
Rails at a Bottle, and the privy't Whore,
Detests the Sin 'cause he can do't no more:
Nay, censures and explodes the use of that
By which himself was rais'd to such Estate.

F I N I S.
